

The Cairo

BY JOHN H. OBERLY & CO.

(From the Address of Democratic Congressman.)
Let there be no dissensions about minor
matters; no time lost in discussion
of dead events; no manifestation of
narrow or proscriptive feeling; no
sacrifice of the cause to gratify per-
sonal ambition or resentment.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS—STATE AT-LARGE,
GEN. WILLIAM B. ANDERSON,
Of Jefferson County.
FOR STATE TREASURER,
CHARLES RIMBLEY,
Of Sangamon County.
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRU-
CTION,
CHARLES FEINER,
Of Peoria County.
FOR PENITENTIARY COMMISSIONER, (LONG
TERM,) GEN. FRANCIS T. SHERMAN,
Of Stark County.
FOR PENITENTIARY COMMISSIONER, (SHORT
TERM,) THOMAS REDMOND,
Of Adams County.
FOR CONGRESS XIXTH DISTRICT, CO. JOHN M. CREBS, OF WHITE
FOR SENATORS, 1ST DISTRICT,
S. K. GIBBON, of Gallatin County.
THOMAS A. E. HOLCOMB, of Union Co.
FOR REPRESENTATIVE—1ST DISTRICT,
H. WATSON WEBB,
FOR SHERIFF,
ALEXANDER B. IRVING,
FOR CONITOR, JOHN H. GOODMAN.

DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEES.

Congressional Committee, 13th Dis-
trict.
J. H. LOMIN, Ch'n., Shangetown, Gallatin Co.
T. P. BOUTON, Union.
M. A. BATES, Williamson.
G. W. WALL, Perry.
JAMES MACKLIN, Saline.
D. F. CLARK, Pope.
GEO. WILLIAMS, White.
NEIL C. BURNS, Wilson.
JNO. W. CARTER, Princeton.
J. S. DARMON, Johnson.
G. W. ANDREWS, Jackson.
G. W. B. CORLISS, Massac.
C. W. WILKINSON, Hardin.
JOHN LANEYAN, Edwards.
F. BROWN, Alexander.
Secretary Committee, 1st District.
E. P. WHEELER, Alexander.
N. H. BOLDERRY, G. P. STINN.
J. H. RENTRO, Hardin.
W. L. HAMILTON, Pope.
MOSES P. COLE, Saline.
JNO. BUCK, Union.
W. J. GIBBS, Johnson.
J. P. TUCKE, Massac.
D. P. CLARK, Pope.

D. T. LINEGAR ATTENDED TO.

Is the Radical party the "God and morality" element of the political world? If it is, an immoral candidate, one who drinks whisky, swears, frequents gambling halls, and desecrates the Sabbath day, is not the man to command its support? If it is such a party, Dan Munn and Dave Linegar are "gone up"—are destined to be overwhelmed by the ballots of moral and religious Radicals.

It is quite impossible to escape the conviction that Dan Munn sold his vote and influence, during his Senatorial services to the highest bidder, utterly reckless of the public consequences of his perfidy, and that he is to-day employing a portion of his ill-gotten funds to obtain a position where he may peddle the same commodity at a higher price. That he is an unhesitating falsifier, is a conclusion which few men who know him, try to escape. But it is not Munn that we desire now, chiefly to speak. D. T. Linegar, come out here!

What claims have you upon the support of moral and Godly Radical voters? Have you, since you took up your residence in Cairo, now nine years ago, attended divine worship ten times? Have you passed the portals of the house of God five times? Three times, twice, once? Who ever saw you "under the dripping of the gospel," in Cairo or elsewhere? Who ever saw you aiding religious fairs or festivals? Who ever met you in the Sabbath school, or any other school, or ever heard you utter a word in favor of the Sabbath school cause of the cause of any other school? Where, then, and how, Mr. Litigant, do you spend your Sabbath days? The answer is no secret. At least forty out of every fifty-two Sabbaths find you at the card or keno table in a Cairo gambling house, playing for money or drinks; and there, surrounded by "hail follows well met," you sit and play and drink and swear, from mid-day until mid-night! Ask us for proof of this, and we will furnish you the names of witnesses by the dozen and by the score!

It is not "now and then" that you frequent gambling houses, and "moisten your diaphragm" with alcoholic drinks! It's a steady thing with you. You do it because your depraved nature delights in such practices. You do it because moral and religious associations are obnoxious to you; and because you

have demonstrated, in your own person, that "practice makes perfect," and are now rather an expert card-player, and one of the "smoother-drinkers" in the town.

While you will not attempt a denial of any charge here preferred against you, you will, probably, declare that the assault upon you is uncalled for? But in that, you will be, as you often are, mistaken. The assault is called for. You are running as the candidate of a "God and morality party" for an important office. The members of that party propose to vote for you, because they believe you a strictly moral man. Now if, after voting for you, they should find out that you frequent gambling houses, and desecrate the Sabbath day—that you are, in short, a man of "shocking bad morals"—they would never forgive us, as editor of the BULLETIN, for not "blowing on you." That is exactly what makes us say what we do say.

CREBS AND MUNN AT DUQUOIN.

THE VERBOSE MUNN VANQUISHED.

The Democracy Jubilant—The Crebs Star in the Ascendant.

DU QUOI, Ill., Oct. 22, 1870.

Dear Bulletin:

Join me in three cheers for Colonel Crebs, the gallant standard bearer of the invincible Democracy of the old Thirteenth! He met the Hon. D. W. Munn in joint debate here to-day, and utterly vanquished him. Owing to insufficient notice, the turn out was not large, numbering not over 250, but the Radical "champion" has occasion to regret that anybody was present.

In a speech of one hour and a half, Mr. Crebs proved, in a manner that carried conviction to every mind, that D. W. Munn had purposely and deliberately falsified his record; had, throughout the canvass, "dodged" the chief issues, and given voice to that hate and vituperation that characterized the campaigns of 1864 and 1868; had shown, in a most masterly manner, that the Radical party was drifting into Know-Nothingism and imperialism; that much of the legislation of the last Congress was hostile to Western interests, and most oppressive to the poor men and laboring masses everywhere; that millions of the people's money had been squandered in furthering Radical electioneering schemes; that a portion of the public domain, equaling in extent the whole of the New England States, had been given away to soulless railroad corporations and overshadowing monopolies; that the capital of the country, in the hands of wealthy bondholders, is exempt from taxation, while the poor man's property is burdened by a tax that is almost unbearable. He showed that the *stealings* during the past four years, exceed in amount the total expenses of Buchanan's administration, that was stigmatized as recklessly extravagant; and that during the past few months no less than three hundred and sixty-two Radical "defenders" had been exposed in a sum total of villainy that ought to damn the administration in the eyes of every man who condemns official dishonesty and rascality. In fact, such a scathing exposure of official corruption, broken pledges, bad faith, recklessness and extravagance, has rarely been made in the country.

The reply of Munn was—well, it was *Munistic*—Democrats were "copperheads"—the Republican party saved the Union—in favor of "reform"—the blood of patriots would be lost if the party was defeated—the country was very prosperous—Crebs, the stickler for low taxes and poor men's rights—had voted against a bill that reduced Radical taxes \$80,000,000 (a falsehood which Mr. Crebs nailed to the counter)—and despite the tariff that enriches the New England manufacturers at the expense of the poor man, the country was never more prosperous. Peace, plenty and good will prevailed, and all was due to the Radical party. This and much more "stuff" was declaimed in a boisterous manner, with an immense amount of head-shaking and arm-swinging, but it all did not save Mr. Munn from a lampooning he will remember all the days of his life. In point of argument he was nowhere, and all candid Republicans who heard the discussion will frankly acknowledge that he is not the man to pit against the gallant John M.

Crebs. Hearing what I have heard, I have no occasion for surprise that Munn, self-inflated as he is, declined a general joint discussion. The reason is manifest.

Put down a gain of at least twenty votes to the Democracy, and hurrah again for Crebs, the invincible.

Yours, &c.,
SENECA.

KING WILLIAM.

What the Great Original Radical Thinks of Him.

A Slashing Criticism.

The following is the full text of Wm. Dell Phillips' letter on the war, a telegraphic synopsis of which has before appeared in THE BULLETIN:

(Wm. Dell Phillips on Prussia in the war.)

It took a revolution to unseat Louis Philippe in 1848. Now Napoleon only leaves Paris a fortnight and they begin to ignore him. His first reverse swept away his throne. Had he achieved success afterward he would have had to conquer his way into Paris after crushing the Germans. Neither Louis Philippe nor this Napoleon dare call themselves kings of France; they are king and emperor of the French. He married himself, the ablest, most unscrupulous, and impious of state managers, has to conciliate popular suffrage and constitutional legislatures before he can get space to act. Warwick, the old king-maker, was forced to create the house of commons to fortify his own power. Our modern king-maker must even borrow leave of the German master to play dress. Frederick William began in trying to crush an empire. It vanishes like a mist when he attempts to grapple with it, and again he finds himself face to face with a Republic. He puts the crown back on his prisoner's head in the desperate effort to save his own crown from a worse fate. The victory of Sedan has only left him in Napoleon's place. The Frenchman stood between a German despot in front of him and a republican Paris behind. John Favre was the upper millstone and Prussia the lower. Between them we thought to find the dust of the Napoleonic dynasty. But it proved such a mere shadow that the states grinded each other. Today Favre stands with an armed popular insurrection before him, and the possibility of finding another when he returns to Berlin. The Greek who shewed off the link on which he sat was content to fall. This Garibaldi descendant of that caudillo person is trying hard to split together again the division which threatens to let him down. Since the last soldier left Rome the Pope has spent his last efforts in saving the Papalists and Victor Emmanuel's forces. The King of Naples is only to the north moving on Rome to only to save the old Republicans. Russia shoves back, hoping to hide from the eye and her solitude. Austria is only awaiting how soon the storm will reach her. England would be glad to do or say something—but, haunted by the Alabama in her dreams, she can do no walking moment from the watch-over Ireland and her own Baden! So she yields her place at the first table of states, and contentedly takes her seat with the pages—Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland—at the second board. The whole of Europe is honeycombed, and the seething waves toss and moan beneath the thin crust. Like Holmes' "One-horse Chay," all the thrones drop to pieces at once. They remain one of the cab-horse in Pickwick which could stand whilst in motion—stop him, and he falls flat once. Meanwhile, Madrid, Paris, Florence, Berlin, and the rest crystallize into republics if you take off the supererabent weight but single moment. The hour of the people has come. Everything helps them. The timid incomptency of England and that angry pride which cheats the intellect of Bismarck, both serve the good cause equally well. The first shews the masses that once marshalled, their claims strike aristocracy into dumb and helpless confusion of course; fearing to do anything in its uncertainty what to do. Bismarck had it in his power to have placed a peace between republican France and Prussia for the next two generations, most easily delaying the advance of democracy for many a year. A magnanimous prince at Sedan, we simply a sold, cunning prince there, might have insured the Prussian throne to his grandchild. The victory had humbled his only son. Behind was the nation which had never made war on him. He had only to encamp at Sedan and offer peace. The world would have recognized his power to go to Paris; would have seen also the magnanimity that destined to humble a nation betrayed by its leaders. By the spear of such an act Prussia would have had Europe for many a year. Selfish instinct cried out for it, even if honor was silent. The first step that Prussia made from Dan to Paris destroyed forever all Bismarck's claim to be a thorough statesman. Ignorantly or angrily he flung away such an opportunity of strengthening his own land in the gratitude of France and the admiration of the world. Instead of this, he did all that in him lies to insure that immortal hate and undying purpose of revenge which will breed up the next generation of Frenchmen for nothing else but to put the tri-color some day over Berlin. The next generation of Prussia will have cause to grieve that at this hour, so great in possibilities, Prussia had no statesman to reap the harvest which her greatest of captains—Moltke—had got for her. The man whom we all thought a Sally, an Easterner, turns out only an adroit manager, second lieutenant to Moltke, and the willing tool of a bigot king; no breadth, no foresight, no large instincts of humanity, always the highest wisdom. Prussia armed in order to vindicate her right to manage her own affairs. She marches to Paris to invade France's right to do the same. Her path lies over the capital of the world, the home of 2,000,000 of men, as well as of science, art, literature, and civilization; the capital of a great military nation, whose swift defeat shows that, dragged as she was to the field, it was only a seeming war she waged. He never conquered France. He only triumphed over the shabby refuse which could be

whipped into counterfeiting her former excess of sword and power—
With a small army of millions
And the time is short, shall despair."

Now in this instant attempt to display his power and parade a sham victory to subvert this great effort to the horrors of war. Humanity itself would hardly weep if the pestilence delivered Paris, leaving neither peasant nor princeling to tell the tale at Berlin. The tears and curse of the civilized world blast the German laurels. Napoleon fell too speedily, in less than thirty days. Prussia is quicker still. She comes from born on the wonder, almost the keystone, of the world. She is followed by the loathing and the contempt of both continents. She banishes the hopes of the age. A new power born within the memory of living man, we suppose her blood was the blood of the century. Her fall insults our civilization, blood-thirsty and greedy, unscrupulous and overbearing beyond the Bourbons and Hapsburgs, the Philipps and Charleses of bygone days. She is not a nation—only an overgrown army, a horde of brigands too strong for their civilized neighbors. Our barbarous South, taunting Libby prison and Andersonville in the face of Christendom, may justly call across the ocean to the black eagle, "Art thou too become one with us?" We rejoice that Prussia does thus bury under its iron foot the new and dreaded military power, and rob it of the means to cripple and dominate Europe. We rejoice that Prussia, with its *badges*, has lost the respect of the world. We sympathize with Germany, thus disgraced by her principles as France has been by Napoleon. Let her have the sympathy extended to her that the world gave to Paris under Beaumanoir's heel. But Prussia could claim the point of superiority over Berlin. She was born and founded with at least the force of the Empire. Napoleon paid her so much respect as to give her leave to reign with insolent contempt. Frederick tells Germany, as he tells Anna Maria, that he reigns by the grace of God. Napoleon could not safely leave Paris. During his Prussian march upon Sedan, Bismarck is not submissive as under his heel. Our government should, for the welfare of civilization and liberty, oppose this fall, harboring it should at least protest against this vengeance on the kindly France—this insult to the spirit of the age. The oldest republic, the master power of the next century, should speak for humanity, and this breathless and cowardly silence of Kings.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

The Meeting of Napoleon and William.

The Times has the following details of the meeting between King William of Prussia, and Napoleon, at Bollowitz. The meeting was apparently very cordial.

After shaking hands they entered the conservatory.

The officers came out leaving the two alone, a chiding took place, of which the following is a substance:

King William—God has given arms victory in this war you have precipitated.

Emperor Napoleon—This war was not sought by me, but was imposed upon me by public opinion.

King William—Exerting emphatically.

You ministers created that opinion.

King William—Today you have precipitated.

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